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MILITARY RECORD

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JAY L. TORREY

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BROTHER LINN

Torrey Jay Linn

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MILITARY RECORD
and
AN APPRECIATION
of
Robert Augustus Torrey
by his
BROTHER LINN

Torrey Jay Linn



1911

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ROBERT AUGUSTUS TORREY

October 4, 1839

July 20, 1916

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In Memoriam

ROBERT AUGUSTUS TORREY was stricken with apoplexy at the Army and Navy Club in New York City on June 3, 1916. A comrade in the next suite heard him fall and went at once to his aid. He was removed to the Polyclinic Hospital and was attended by an eminent physician who had been his good friend for years.

Professional nurses served in relays of two, so that every moment of time, day and night, his every want had immediate attention.

Three days after the stroke he was operated upon for the relief of the blood pressure. During a part of the succeeding period he was conscious. He never suffered any pain.

On Thursday, July 20, in the afternoon he fell asleep and did not awaken. The funeral and interment were at Pittsfield, Illinois.

Near relatives survive him, as follows:

Mrs. Mary R. Darby, of St. Louis, an adopted niece.

Mrs. Lottie T. Irvine, of Philipsburg, Montana, an adopted sister.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Rice, U. S. A., of Washington, D. C., the son of his deceased sister, Mrs. Aurelia R. Rice.

Doctor H. N. Torrey and Miss Bernice M. Torrey, both of Detroit, Michigan, and both the children of his deceased brother, Doctor Bartlett N. Torrey, and

Colonel Jay L. Torrey, of Fruitville, Missouri, his only brother.

THE APPRECIATION

THE parents of our family were Amos Root and Minerva Lucretia Norton Torrey and the children were Everill Francis Marion, Aurelia Root, Robert Augustus, Bartlett Norton and Jay Linn Torrey.

My recollections of Brother Rob fall into three groups. The first relates to the days when, as a big brother, he used to tease me; the second when he was the war hero of our family; and the third, to the many years during which we were gray-haired chums.

Brother Rob risked his life, and came near losing it, in an endeavor, as he thought, to save mine when I was but two and he fifteen years old. We were then living in Pittsfield, Illinois, and our father had bought a farm three miles in the country. The team and wagon had been brought to the front of the house preparatory to the men folks going to the farm. While preparations were being made I was put on the seat of the wagon, with a boy to take care of me; the boy left me in the wagon alone for a moment, and as I had recently learned to cluck I proceeded to do so, with the result that the team ran around the lot and through an alley behind the house. Hearing the rattle of the wagon, Brother Rob ran out of the house, jumped the fence into the alley ahead of the team and grabbed one of the horses by the bridle, only to be jerked against a post and his hold broken, and then run into by the hub of the wagon wheel while the runaway continued. Old folks who witnessed the mad ride used to tell me how they saw a baby bounce above the wagon bed, then again articles in the wagon and sometimes both at once. Finally the kingpin bounced out and the wagon-box and hind wheels were left behind. When some dear women reached the spot they found an unhurt baby who, upon being taken in arms, began to laugh.

The result of brother's heroic efforts to save me was that both of his thighs were dislocated when he was run into by the wagon. At that time the accepted method of setting a dislocated thigh was to pull the leg until it was



the same length as the other one. But here was a case in which both thighs were dislocated, and there was no measure for guidance. The doctors tied him to a bed, put pulleys on his ankles and pulled his legs until his screams were heard in the neighborhood. After the pulling he was held in that position the rest of the day, that night, and part of the next day. Then the doctors concluded that they had pulled his legs too far, and hence released the pulleys and pushed them back. After a day they pulled his legs again. Yet he did not become a cripple! On the contrary, he was all through life a strong, vigorous man. The fact that he had risked his life for me and, in consequence, had suffered greatly, constituted a tie between us, in after years, in addition to that of kinship.

My earliest recollection of brother relates to an event when I was less than four years old, and still in dresses. My father was lying in the shade of the house, and had put his feet up against the wall. I lay down beside him and tried to put my feet up as high as his, but not succeeding called to brother Rob, who was passing, to help me. He did so by taking hold of both my ankles and putting my feet as high up as father's, with the result that I did not touch the ground and my little dress fell over my head and I cried lustily to be let down. I distinctly remember the laughter occasioned by my embarrassment.

Another memory belongs to the time when I was barely large enough to ride horseback. I was driving the cows from the pasture to the barn, perched upon a horse with high withers and a protruding backbone. Brother Rob was crossing the pasture for some purpose that I inferred was unfriendly to myself. I tried to escape by urging the horse to a gallop. But Rob outran the horse, and catching him by the tail swung him from side to side until he slowed down to a trot, when he sprang up behind me, lay down upon me, and made the horse gallop again, only to hear me yell and protest, much to his merriment.

When the Stars and Stripes were confronted with another flag in 1861 and the fifes and drums sounded the call, Rob joined at once the defenders of the Union. Mr.



John G. Nicolay, who together with Mr. John Hay served as private secretary to President Lincoln, secured for my brother an appointment in the regular army as second lieutenant. Later he was promoted to be first lieutenant, and afterwards captain. His entire service was with the 13th U. S. Infantry—"Sherman's Old Regiment."

Although Rob heard the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry, he did not glory in fighting. Having a duty, he simply performed it as was becoming to a patriot.

At the close of the civil war he remained in the army. After his promotion to a captaincy he had some trouble with his Colonel. I do not now recall what the trouble was, but know that it was of an official character, not relating to any act of omission or commission on his part, for my brother was not then nor at any time before nor thereafter placed in arrest. During the continuance of the trouble the several companies were assigned to different posts in the West. The Colonel, of course, determined the distribution, and I presume it was only human on his part to send my brother with his company to the military post he considered the least desirable. This was in Northern Wyoming, at Lander. Soon afterward the War Department ordered my brother to move the post to the Indian Reservation. He selected a site about fifteen miles from Lander, which was then named Camp Brown, and afterwards Fort Washakie.

Hostile Indians were at that time occasionally making raids, and he had not only to protect the settlers from them, but to complete the buildings of the new post before winter set in. An officer who served with him at that time told me afterward of an occasion when the men determined to mutiny. They were not overworked, but because of the exigencies of the situation were required to work full hours. The mutiny related to shortening the hours. My brother learned of it through a Sergeant, who came to his tent and reported that the men were going to quit work two hours before sundown. Brother asked no questions as to what the men proposed to do, but simply answered, "That is all, Sergeant; go and tell the black-



smith that I want to see him." When the blacksmith came, he was told to lay aside the work he was then doing and go to making handcuffs. The men did not stop work at the appointed time, and there was never any use for the handcuffs!

The assignment to Wyoming proved a great blessing in disguise to my brother, as it resulted in financial prosperity to him and later on to me. Rob loved to hunt and fish. He inquired of friendly Indians where buffalo, bear, deer, elk and antelope were most plentiful and in the best condition, and was told that they were always fat on Owl Creek, and fish were also plentiful. He went there and found these representations true.

While serving at Fort Washakie he bought some cattle and employed a man to drive them to Wind River and look after them. Three or four years later, and subsequent to his being ordered with his company to another post, I bought a herd of cattle for him in Nevada and had them driven to Owl Creek. Next year I moved those he already owned on Wind River to Owl Creek.

Brother Rob did not fully realize how his cattle interests had grown, until, as the result of my work for these two years, the herd was counted and classified, and the beef shipped to market. I remember his saying when I made my report: "Why should a man with an annual income of \$25,000 quarrel with a private over a speck of dust on his gun? I think I will resign." At an early date thereafter he did so. Had he continued in the service he would have retired as a Major General, long before his death.

My brother kept a daily diary for many years. It is a modest statement of a well-spent life.

After resigning he devoted himself, in the main, to managing his herd of cattle, and making investments in different parts of the country. He never aspired to public life, nor did he ever hold office except in the regular army.

Brother was skilled in horsemanship, and though he never rode as a cowboy during his ranch days, he was an expert in the handling of cattle.



At the time of the early boom in Duluth he and a brother officer bought town lots there. Later he went to Duluth to personally look after them, with the result that he stayed to erect the Torrey Office Building and to make other real estate investments.

That brother was a just man in business matters is attested by the fact that there is not an unpaid claim nor a suit pending at this time.

My brother was singular in this, that he took great pleasure in making money and giving it away, but not in spending it. His economies offended those who thrive from the patronage of spendthrifts.

His sympathy with members of our family was continuous and dependable. In solicitude for our well-being he was like a mother; and in financial matters like a father to us. He had spanked me occasionally when I was little, and I am sure he always felt, even in our gray-haired days, that he ought to do so when he disapproved of my transactions. Our intimacy was such that my plans were subject to his revision. Many times I disregarded his advice with disastrous financial results; but he never said, "I told you so!" He was always ready, instead, to lend a hand to enable me to recoup my losses.

While with his round-up outfit some years after the founding of the M-herd I suffered a fracture of one of the bones of my left leg. He went with me in a buggy one hundred and sixty-five miles to a doctor for treatment. During that trip he suggested that I buy his cattle and horse herds and ranches; and the next year he sold them to me entirely on credit, upon terms the liberality of which I have never known to be equaled. The entire "outfit" was delivered to me, but the price was left to be fixed by us ten years afterwards, in view of what those ten years should prove to have been the real worth of the property at the time of the purchase. If during this interval the cattle and horses should freeze or starve to death on the range, I was not to owe him any sum for them. The success of the business was such that at the end of the sixth year I paid him in cash his valuation of the property and had left the ranches and herds of horses and cattle.



He was tender with a gentleness that would have become a woman. I hope it will not seem unkind to others to say that I doubt if those not born of the same parents could realize the depth of sympathy, affection and consideration of which he was capable. No matter how much you expected of him you were sure not to be disappointed.

I know that he regretted having missed the joy of holding in his arms children born of a woman he loved. I remember as if it were but yesterday an occasion on which he and I were going to dinner at the old Southern Hotel in St. Louis. As we entered the dining-room we met a man and a little girl coming out. She was eight or nine years old and beautifully dressed. She was holding her father's hand as she walked by his side, and just at the moment was looking up at him with a sweet smile. After they had passed Rob turned to me and said, "Linn, there is one thing I would love to have that money will not buy. A little girl who thinks 'Pop' knows everything."

He was a clean man in mind and morals. To me, as brother, chum and client, he never spoke a word or told a story that might not with propriety have been heard by our mother. If he knew a scandal to the discredit of others he never repeated it. I do not remember ever hearing him speak ill of man, woman or child. I know he never spoke ill of any woman. His conviction was that "if he could not speak good of a person, he could at least keep silent."

Occasionally we talked in a light-hearted way about matrimony. On an occasion I remember that I said to him, "Brother, as an orphan and bachelor, I should be delighted to occupy the spare room in your house." He simply smiled and answered, "I am like you." From all standpoints it is to be regretted that the heart of some woman did not join his in beating the lullaby of love.

My brother had very unusual opportunities for the formation of delightful friendships, as he was not hampered by business, fraternal or political relations which had the slightest influence upon the question. As a bachelor and a gentleman of leisure he traveled wherever inclination prompted, and by timely trips avoided the extremes of



climatic conditions. He did not form a very large circle of friends, but the circle contained only gentlefolks of education and refinement.

I do not wish it understood that I consider my brother as other than flesh and blood in human form; but I am sure that all who knew him will agree that he was a wonderful bit of clay. Those who were noisy and who loved parade knew him not. The world is full of meritorious men. I have known thousands of them, but never one of his pattern—one who was at the same time so modest and capable; who thought so accurately; and who could be so absolutely trusted to deal generously, even with his opponents.

From the standpoint of the wrong-doer Rob was not "in his class." I sometimes thought him exacting; but from the viewpoint of God-fearing, intelligent and patriotic people, he was a good citizen. He always tried to be right—not in imitation of others, not to curry favor, but right for right's sake. He espoused only causes which had the support of his moral convictions, and hence was always strong. His methods were his own, not copied from anyone, and not literally imitated by anyone, so in his death a vacancy is created that will not be filled.

During many years we had an annual visit, in the course of which we talked over family matters as well as social and business affairs. Our mutual understanding was such that we could sometimes communicate without recourse to written or spoken words. I recall that once he said to me, "Linn, I have thought out a new financial scheme in connection with the Torrey Building." I interrupted with, "Wait a minute, Rob, until I tell you what it is," and then proceeded to outline the scheme, very much to his surprise. When asked to explain how I had learned of it, I could only say, "I suppose I obtained it by mental telepathy."

Our annual visits never passed without my learning, quite by accident, of some deed of charity or kindness extended by him of which I had not heard before. Sometimes it related to aid given the young who were struggling for an education, sometimes to the payment of mortgages



that were being pressed, and sometimes to the keeping of families under their roofs. If it is true that it is more blessed to give than to receive, I do not know of a man who was more blessed than he.

The way his heart beat is well shown by his direction that a substantial sum be given to the Oneida Institute, a Christian school founded by the Rev. J. A. Burns at Oneida, Kentucky, in the Cumberland Mountains, forty miles from a railroad. This institute appealed to my brother because it was founded for the betterment of the Anglo-Saxon freemen who live in those mountains, and are among the most reliable patriots in the country. In acknowledging the receipt of this gift, Mr. Burns wrote: "The sum which was given by your brother certainly saved the life of our institution."

All of his numerous remembrances, except to the Oneida Institute, were to individual men, women and children.

While it was true that we were literally chums for a long series of years, more years than are included in the average lifetime of man, he was always the leader—the big brother. From the day he sprang over the fence and faced death in trying to save me, to the day he fell asleep not to awaken, our-relationship was the same. This was true of our mental as well as our physical development. Physically, he had many years the start of me. Intellectually, no matter how hard I might try I could never overtake him. Whatever success I attained at whatever stage of life, it was to find that he had already reached and passed that goal before me.

The desolation I feel can be known only to those whose fate it has been to live to see each member of their happy family group pass on along the silent road that stretches between life and eternity.

The character and achievements of my brother can be summarized in a few words—He was a good man.

Fruitville, Missouri, January 15, 1917.



**WAR DEPARTMENT,
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.**

STATEMENT OF THE MILITARY SERVICE OF

ROBERT AUGUSTUS TORREY

Appointed 2d Lieutenant 13th Infantry.	February 19, 1862
Promoted 1st Lieutenant.....	June 18, 1862
Promoted Captain.....	June 19, 1866
Resigned.....	May 7, 1882

Service:

He joined his regiment in April, 1862, and served with it at Alton, Illinois, to June, 1862; at Newport Barracks, Kentucky, to September, 1862; on recruiting service to July, 1863; with regiment in the field at General Sherman's Headquarters to November, 1864; at Nashville, Tennessee, to February, 1865; at Newport Barracks, Kentucky, to May, 1865; at Camp Dennison, Ohio, to September, 1865; at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, to October, 1865; at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to May, 1866; at Fort Rice, Dakota, to July, 1867; at Fort Shaw, Montana, to June, 1868; being also A.A.A.G. District of Upper Missouri, June, 1866, to July, 1867--District of Montana, July, 1867, to June, 1868; on leave June to November, 1868, awaiting opening of navigation to June, 1869; at Fort Benton, Montana, to August, 1869; Fort Shaw, Montana, to June, 1870; at Fort Fred Steele, Wyoming, to May, 1871; at Camp Brown, Wyoming, to October, 1874; at New Orleans, Louisiana, to June, 1875; at Vicksburg, Mississippi, to November, 1875; at New Orleans, Louisiana, to July, 1876; in Kentucky and Pennsylvania during the labor strikes to December, 1876; at Jackson Barracks, Louisiana (at Atlanta, Georgia, June to November, 1879), to June, 1880; at Fort Lewis, Colorado, to May 7, 1881, and on leave to May 7, 1882, when he resigned.

He commanded a company of the First Battalion, Thirteenth Infantry, at the Battle of Colliersville, Tennessee, October 11, 1863, and was in action against Indians at Marias River, Montana, January 23, 1870, and at Camp Brown, Wyoming, June 26, 1871. He was also Quartermaster of his regiment March 1, 1865, to June 19, 1866.

H. P. McCAIN,

The Adjutant General.

Washington, D. C.,
October 6, 1916.





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